The Company's

# OBSOLETE FILES

Monthly Reports from Vanished Realities.

Issue No.1
Oct. '25

THE COMPANY

# OBSOLETE FILES

This written material carries remnants of erased worlds, fragments of timelines once deemed unworthy of survival. It is produced in secret, far from the gaze of the Great Company, deep within the chambers where realities and living beings are swept away.

Dissemination and support are not only welcome: they are vital. For in releasing these pages we risk not only our lives, but the fragile existence of our own realities.

Translation into English by:
Gloria Gutierrez Eigel
Clowder Academy

The Company
Córdoba, Argentina 5000
Year: ▓▒
thecompany.signal@gmail.com
www.thecompany.ar

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome, dear readers.

If you are reading these lines, it means our mission succeeded. I am not sure whether that is good news... or something far worse. But we have already taken the first step, and there is no turning back. This issue is special: it is the first, and I hope it will not be the last. I ignore through what medium it has reached your hands, but if it did, it means there are still cracks in the wall of oblivion.

The star of this issue is "The Crag of the Lil' Monsters", a complete adventure salvaged from the reality known as Nights in the Neighborhood. In it, a group of animals from a shelter on the Mediterranean coast see their night interrupted by the visit of small monsters hungry for vital energy. Young Sara becomes the victim of these creatures, and though the animals cannot fully grasp what is happening, instinct and courage will push them into the darkness, facing the unknown in a race against time.

You will also find readers' letters, illustrations torn from scattered realities... and you may wonder how that is possible if this is only the very first issue. Well, that is the sort of doubt belonging to those who still live within a linear reality.

This magazine exists so that erased realities do not vanish entirely. So they may live on in the memory of others, so that the heroism, fear, and sacrifice of some may continue to pulse within the minds of those who still resist.

Thank you for spreading these pages. The more eyes that read them, the more minds that remember them, the greater the chance we all have of surviving. For you never know when your own reality will be the next to be erased.

— The Editor

## Aviso de Derechos

Todas las obras presentadas en esta publicación —incluyendo relatos, ilustraciones y demás materiales creativos— son propiedad de sus respectivos autores. The Company solo actúa como difusor y no reclama derechos sobre dichas obras. Cualquier uso, reproducción o adaptación de este contenido deberá contar con la autorización expresa de sus creadores.

# CONTENTS

"The Crag of the Lil' Monsters" ..... 06
By Rodrigo Salvay

Vestiges: The Probe ..... 50
By Benjamín Dusk

Illustrations Submitted by Readers ..... 55

The Fault in the Lamp ..... 57
By Joseph David Navro Navarro

Hunt ..... 59
By Carla Esperanza

Doppelgänger ..... 61
By Alejandro Broardo

Monster of the Month ..... 65

Letters from Readers ..... 69

Editor's Column ..... 73

# NOTES ON THE ADVENTURE

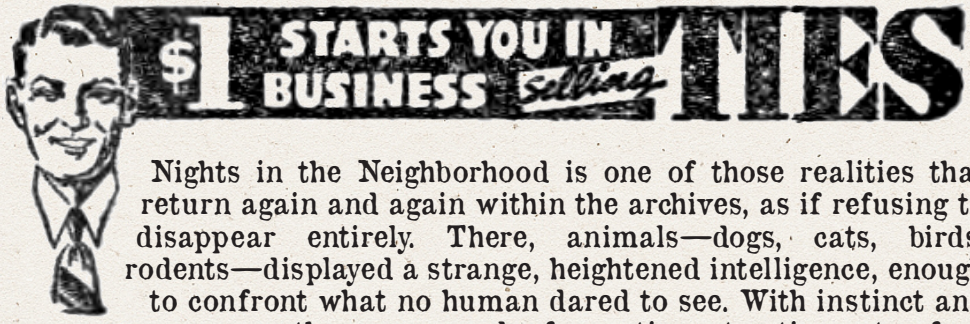
What follows in these pages is not a simple tale, nor just another piece of fiction to pass the time. What is offered here is a complete adventure, a playable file extracted from a reality that no longer exists. Through it, you may relive—if only for a few hours—the remnants of a world condemned to oblivion.

## ESCANEA PARA COMPRARLO

To walk this path you will need the rules of Nights in the Neighborhood, available at:

www.thecompany.ar/realities/nights-in-the-neighborhood

Nights In The
NEIGHBORHOOD




Nights in the Neighborhood is one of those realities that return again and again within the archives, as if refusing to disappear entirely. There, animals—dogs, cats, birds, rodents—displayed a strange, heightened intelligence, enough to confront what no human dared to see. With instinct and courage, they managed, from time to time, to face extradimensional threats breaking into their neighborhoods. Some even survived partial erasures, as if the fabric of that reality refused to surrender.

But resistance is never eternal. In time, it was decided to erase that world at its roots, to rip out every trace of its existence. What reaches your hands today are only fragments, splinters that escaped the final cleansing.

To play this adventure is more than a pastime: it is an act of resistance. For each time you remember, each time you narrate, each time you lead a group of players into those nocturnal streets, you are stealing ground back from oblivion. You are granting one more breath to a reality that was meant to be dead.

Enjoy it, but do so with care. Never forget that what we remember too intensely sometimes finds a way to look back at us.

Presenta...

# The Crag of the LIL' MONSTERS

*"The village sleeps under the weight of summer heat. Whitewashed houses seem to melt into the dusk, boats sway gently in the harbor, and the forest covering the hills exhales a heavy breath of insects and salt. The night feels still, endless—until a roar tears through the calm. It is no thunder, no storm: it rumbles deep, like stone being wrenched apart beneath the sea. The sky flashes with a sudden blue glow, so intense it erases the moon for an instant. Then the darkness returns, but the silence that follows no longer belongs to the night.*

*In the last house of the village, the calm does not return. There lives a small family—father, mother, and daughter—known in the area for taking in wounded animals: some waiting to be released, others never to return to the wild. The backyard, pressed against the forest, is crowded with cages, sheds, and mingled scents: damp hay, rusted iron, scraps of fish from the harbor.*

*Two dogs stand guard in the yard. Bruno, a massive mastiff with a slow, solemn gaze, rises against the bars like a living wall; beside him, Toni, a wiry and restless podenco, bounces from side to side, eyes glittering in the dim light. They are different—strength and agility, patience and nerve—but they bark together as if driven by the same instinct.*

*The forest beyond the wall seems to stir. Branches shiver though no wind blows, and within the shadows shapes begin to emerge that*

*should not exist: small bodies barely twenty centimeters tall, with earthen skin and deformed proportions—oversized heads, twisted limbs—clothed in rags scavenged from humans. They lurch forward like puppets without a master, yet each clutches in its tiny hands a metal weapon, sharpened with the cruelty of the real.*

*The dogs erupt in furious barking, the entire yard trembles with their alarm, and the other animals join in with shrieks, wings beating, cages rattling. The uproar floods the house and reaches the ears of the old cat sleeping inside. Her eyes open slowly, glowing in the dark. With that gesture, the night's vigil begins... and the neighborhood will never be the same again."*

## THE ROSSI HOUSE

The Rossi family lives in a two-story home at the edge of the village, by the forested hillside.

- Ground Floor: At the front lies the veterinary clinic, a small space with a counter, shelves of basic medicines, and cages for clinical use. Behind it is the room for hosting injured animals, with medium cages, blankets on the floor, and makeshift perches for birds. From this room there is direct access to the backyard.

- Upper Floor: Used as the family's living space. It includes the kitchen, a small dining room, the family's bedrooms, and the girl's alcove. Here also rest some domestic animals too old or too weak to return to the street.

- Backyard: Enclosed by low walls of rough stone. It contains large cages with rescued dogs, rabbits, and some recovering seabirds. It is the first setting affected by the anomaly in the opening scene.

## THE INHABITANTS OF THE ROSSI HOUSE

This adventure is designed to be played with a minimum group of two players. At any table, the cat Lucía and one of the two dogs from the yard must be present. The remaining players—up to a total of five—may choose from the animals listed below or create their own characters following the rules of the core manual.

The animals defined here already include their main attributes and narrative motivations. This ensures they fit the tone of the adventure and their role within the Rossi household.

The house functions as a refuge for wounded or unrecoverable animals, which explains the diversity of species present. Each Inhabitant has a distinct bond with the family and a specific place within the home, determining how they react to the anomaly.

## THE CAT - "LUCÍA"

Old, with gray fur and ears frayed by the years. She is silent, observant, carrying the memory of the house and the family. She has seen many animals come and go, and never forgets what the neighborhood hides in its shadows.

- **Personality**: distrustful, patient, always seems to know something others don't.
- **Motivation**: to protect the girl, her "human pup," as if she were her own.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 4, Agility 4, Instinct 3, Courage 3, Toughness 2.
- **Situation**: free-roaming inside the house; she will be the first to act and the one responsible for freeing the others if needed.

## THE MASTIFF - "BRUNO"

A large Spanish mastiff, taken from the harbor after a fight. Scars mark his back and his gaze is solemn. He is the wall of the house: slow, resilient, yet relentless if anything threatens his own.

- **Personality**: serious, steady, speaks through the strength of his presence.
- **Motivation**: to defend the territory and the family at all costs.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 1, Agility 2, Instinct 4, Courage 4, Toughness 5.
- **Situation**: kept in a large cage in the backyard, separated from the other dogs as a precaution.

## THE PODENCO - "TONI"

An Andalusian podenco, agile and nervous, rescued from hunters who abandoned him. Always tense, as if the world were about to collapse.

- **Personality**: restless, impulsive, yet with sharp instincts.
- **Motivation**: to prove his worth; he cannot bear the thought of being useless or replaceable.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 2, Agility 4, Instinct 4, Courage 5, Toughness 2.
- **Situation**: loose in the backyard, pacing under the night's heat.

## THE RAT - "ISABEL"

Small and lively, she lives in the shelter room and never stays still. She is an expert at scurrying through corners, knows everything that moves within the house and the neighborhood, and remembers every scent.

- **Personality**: curious, bold, mischievous.
- **Motivation**: does not want to lose the refuge she found; fears returning to the open streets.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 4, Agility 5, Instinct 4, Courage 2, Toughness 2.
- **Situation**: kept in a small cage inside the shelter room, behind the clinic.

## THE OWL - "ÁGATA"

A nocturnal bird with broad wings, raised by the family after a fall from the nest. Her eyes gleam like mirrors. She watches from above, and descends in silence.

- **Personality**: distant, solemn, speaks more with gazes than with gestures.
- **Motivation**: to guard the skies; what happens below also dooms her.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 5, Agility 4, Instinct 4, Courage 2, Toughness 2.
- **Situation**: in a large cage in the attic, its door opening to the backyard; sometimes it is opened to let her fly.

## THE FERRET - "ROCCO"

Long and flexible, playful in appearance, yet dangerously curious. He slips into places he shouldn't and finds what no one else can.

- **Personality**: mischievous, daring, always one step ahead of the rest.
- **Motivation**: hates being confined, needs to explore, and sees the anomaly as an challenge.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 4, Agility 6, Instinct 3, Courage 2, Toughness 3.
- **Situation**: in a cage within the shelter room, alongside other recovering animals.

## THE SEAGULL - "MARINA"

Rescued from the harbor with a damaged wing, now healed. Ever restless, she circles the coast as if searching for something lost on the horizon.

- **Personality**: loud, direct, with a sarcastic humor (expressed in gestures and calls).
- **Motivation**: feels the sea holds a secret and that the anomaly comes from it; seeks to drive the strange away from "her" coast.
- **Attributes**: Cunning 6, Agility 5, Instinct 3, Courage 2, Toughness 1.
- **Situation**: in a cage within the shelter room, near Rocco and Isabel.

The full profiles of the animals not included in the core manual—the ferret and the seagull—are provided at the end of this adventure, in the appendix. There you will find their suggested specialties and reference rules for creating them as playable characters.

## ANOMALOUS CREATURES

Anomalous events often involve anomalous creatures: strange beings that act as extensions or guardians of the primary anomaly. These creatures have their own attributes, independent from the anomaly itself, and usually appear as obstacles on the path toward resolution.

The creatures function in the same way as the Inhabitants: they roll 2d6 + attribute according to the action they attempt. However, they follow a special procedure:

- When a creature acts against the Inhabitants (for example, hiding, fleeing, resisting), the Narrator rolls for it and writes down the result on a slip of paper.
- That result becomes the difficulty the Inhabitants must overcome.
- In addition, half of that result (rounded up) is recorded as the reference for a success with consequence.

When an Inhabitant attempts to oppose, they roll their dice and compare with that difficulty:

- Failure (less than half): does not achieve the goal.
- Success with consequence (half or more, but not exceeding the roll): achieves the goal, but the creature gains an immediate advantage related to the situation.
- Full success (exceeds the roll): achieves the goal without consequences.

*Note: Inhabitants with the marked skill on their sheet ignore the consequences of a partial success.*

## GOBLINS

The goblins were not born as servants of the anomalous. They were small, mischievous forest creatures, barely twenty centimeters tall, deformed like poorly stitched puppets. Their skin is earthen and damp, with odd proportions: oversized heads, disproportionate hands, and short legs that move clumsily. They wear rags scavenged from humans: scraps of cloth, bits of rope, shreds of leather. In their natural state they were a nuisance but not deadly, devoted to stealing food, breaking objects, or leading travelers astray in the thickets.

Now, under the relic's control, they have become extensions of its will. Their eyes shine with a crystalline blue, synchronized with the pulses of the statue. They no longer act as individuals: they move in groups, obeying blindly, with an eerie discipline in such awkward bodies.

Their weapons are rudimentary but deadly: rusted knives, human forks sharpened into spears, small pieces of iron bent into hooks. They can swarm in numbers, hurl their knives from the shadows, and seize every distraction to strike without warning.

### ATTRIBUTES

- Cunning: 2, Agility: 3, Instinct: 2, Courage: 2, Toughness: 2, Health: 6

### ATAQUES

- Rusted Knife (Close, damage 2).
- Thrown Knife (Far, damage 1, not reusable unless retrieved).

### SPECIAL ABILITY: OPPORTUNISM

- If two or more goblins are in the same section and an Inhabitant attempts to move (Traverse, Climb, or Run), one of the goblins may perform an immediate free attack.
- If both dice in the attack roll show the same number (doubles), the Inhabitant's action is canceled entirely in addition to receiving the damage.

### ADDITIONAL CONDITIONS

- They usually appear in groups of 1D3.
- They fear fire, though they are capable of swimming and moving in the dark.
- Upon death, their body may dissolve into earthen dust or leave behind a fractured gem that pulses faintly before going dark.

## FIRST SCENE

*"The old cat Lucía opens her eyes in the gloom. The echo of barking still vibrates against the walls, mingled with the rattle of cages and nervous cries. Her paws fall silently on the floor as she moves down the hallway. The Rossi house sleeps, but in that sleep something breathes that should not be there.*

*When she reaches the girl's door, she senses the change in the air: cold, dense, as if the room had been submerged beneath the sea.*

*The window is ajar, the curtains unmoving, and on the bed lies a figure that does not belong in this place.*

*A deformed goblin has perched on the chest of the sleeping girl. Its eyes glow with a crystalline blue, pulsing in time with the child's breath. Its bony hands sink lightly into the fabric of her pajamas, and a faint glow seeps from the girl as if she were being emptied from within.*

*Lucía halts at the threshold. The creature has not yet seen her. The silence in the room weighs as heavily as the air. The night's vigil has just begun."*

## CONTEXT

- The goblin has entered the Rossi girl's room and is draining fragments of her soul. Lucía, the cat, is the only Inhabitant able to act immediately. The other animals remain locked in their cages or in the yard.
- The adult humans are motionless, as if time itself had stopped for them. They will not react to any stimulus. The atmosphere is cold and heavy, as though the house were sunk beneath the sea.
- This confrontation is not meant to defeat the goblin, but to reveal the danger and mark the first consequences. The goblin will always be injured by Lucía's intervention, but will always escape carrying with it a small crystalline blue gem—a fragment of the girl's soul.
- The Rossi girl will fall into a deep sleep, her pulse faint and unresponsive. Even if the Inhabitants attempt to help her, she cannot be awakened until the anomaly is resolved.
- After the goblin's escape, Lucía can briefly explore the house and confirm the supernatural stillness. Soon after, noises are heard outside: dozens of tiny footsteps and pounding on doors and windows signal that the house is being surrounded. At this point begins the transition to the second playable scene, where Lucía must free the other animals.

## POSSIBLE ACTIONS

These are some of the most likely actions Lucía might attempt. The player may narrate others, and you should resolve them in a similar way, always using the same three degrees of success. Keep in mind that the outcome of this scene is inevitable: the goblin will always escape with the gem and Lucía will be left wounded. However, the way the rolls play out will add nuance and tension to the narrative.

### LEAPING AT THE CREATURE

*Test: Traverse (Agility)*

Lucía throws herself straight at the goblin, trying to interrupt the draining through sheer force.

- Failure: Lucía misses the strike and the goblin stabs her side with a tiny knife before escaping. The wound is serious and the draining nearly complete.
- Success with consequence: Lucía reaches and wounds it, but takes cuts across her back. The goblin abandons the ritual and flees through the window with the pulsing gem.
- Full success: Lucía hits with force, knocks it down, and the girl recovers a faint breath of air. The goblin, hurt and frightened, still manages to break free and escape with the gem.

### CIRCLING THE BED TO AMBUSH

*Test: Hide (Agility)*

Lucía tries to surprise the goblin from behind, moving in silence before pouncing.

- Failure: The floor creaks and the goblin reacts in time, hurling a knife that grazes the cat's ear. She is wounded, and it escapes with the gem.
- Success with consequence: Lucía surprises and wounds the goblin, but suffers scratches and gashes in the struggle. The creature flees with the glowing gem.
- Full success: Lucía drops on it in utter silence, slams it against the wall, and nearly pins it beneath her claws. The goblin shudders and crackles with blue light, but still slips free and flees with the gem.

*"The girl barely breathes, cold to the touch, sunk in a dream from which she does not awaken. The adults remain motionless, trapped in the stillness of a time that no longer belongs to them.*

*Then, from outside, a strange murmur arises. Tiny footsteps drag across the soil, minute claws scrape against wood, and shadows with blue eyes begin to multiply beyond the window.*

*In the dimness of the yard, several goblins can be seen gathered, forming a group pressing toward the house. Their weapons glint under the moonlight, their twisted bodies jostling one another, eager to break in.*

*Lucía understands she cannot face them alone. It is time to awaken the other Inhabitants, to open the cages and gather those who may still resist the night."*

At this point, Lucía's player must narrate how she moves through the house and frees the other animals. This moment serves two functions:

- Atmosphere: emphasizes the silent house, the humans frozen in time, and the unnatural environment.
- Preparation: allows the other players to introduce their characters (each of the chosen animals).

Let Lucía's player decide the order in which they are freed, and use the moment to describe brief details:

- Bruno, in his cage in the yard, slamming fiercely against the bars.
- Toni, loose, pacing nervously back and forth.
- Isabel, the rat, sniffing anxiously from her cage in the shelter room.
- Rocco, the ferret, never still, as if sensing what is happening.
- Marina, the seagull, pecking frantically at the metal bars.
- Ágata, the owl, watching in silence from her large cage in the attic.

No rolls are required at this moment: the release should happen fluidly, as part of the narrative setup. What matters is that each

player introduces their animal with a gesture, attitude, or trait that sets it apart.

When all are gathered, the noise outside grows louder: the goblins begin to lay siege to the house. That will be the start of the second playable scene.

## THE SIEGE OF THE ROSSI HOUSE

The scene begins with a different narration depending on where the group ended after freeing the last Inhabitant.

- If they finished inside the house, use the "Interior" introduction.
- If they finished in the backyard, use the "Backyard" introduction.

Both versions describe noises and anomalies at the six entry points. This sets the stage: when you roll the die, each option already has a hint within the fiction.

### INTRODUCTION — INDOORS

*"The walls begin to creak as if an enormous swarm were inside them. From the back door comes a persistent pounding, like insistent claws. The kitchen window trembles with the rattle of glass that no one touches. Above, on the balcony, a mosquito net shakes on its own, straining as though something were climbing from outside. On the attic roof, the tiles lift dust that falls in thin threads over the staircase.*

*A sour stench rises from the downstairs bathroom, as if water were flowing backward through the sewers. And from the front clinic, closed and motionless, comes a metallic scraping, like scalpels dragged across the floor.*

*The air smells of salt and damp fabric. From every crack, blue eyes flicker, as though the house itself were breathing through them. The night has begun to search for ways inside."*

### INTRODUCTION — BACKYARD

*"The forest opens into a tide of blue lights. A line of tiny figures descends among the trees and scatters like ants. They climb the yard wall and pound on the bars of the back door, shaking it with frenzy.*

*Beyond, the kitchen window glows as if something were reflecting from inside. On the upper floor, the balcony creaks with tiny footsteps, and on the roof tiles lift and fall like scales to the ground.*

*From the drain near the downstairs bathroom, water seeps out with the smell of iron, and bubbles rise as if someone were breathing below. In the front clinic, the windows cast shadows that do not match the light of the moon.*

*The entire yard vibrates with shrieks and metallic scraping. Every corner seems a new path for the blue eyes that keep multiplying."*

## HOW THE SIEGE WORKS

The siege of the Rossi house is not a frontal attack, but a set of intrusion attempts from different vulnerable points. After reading the narrative introduction, give the players a moment to decide how they position themselves inside the house or in the yard. Once everyone is ready in their place, the siege begins. To handle it, use the following procedure:

### SIX POSSIBLE ENTRIES

The goblins can attack through six different access points:

- A. Back door
- B. Kitchen window
- C. Upper floor balcony
- D. Attic roof
- E. Downstairs bathroom sewers
- F. Front clinic

### RANDOM DETERMINATION

In each pulse of the siege, roll 1d6 to decide which entry is attacked.

- If the roll shows a number not yet used, play the corresponding scene.
- If the result repeats an entry already resolved, apply the extreme version of that same scene.

### SIEGE SEQUENCE

Each entry represents a micro-scene with its own tests, risks, and outcomes.

- After resolving the intrusion at one point, the siege continues with another die roll.
- After two scenes, the goblins change tactics.

### END OF THE PHASE

When the siege ends, the goblins suddenly withdraw, obeying a blue pulse that comes from the forest. The pressure on the house eases, but the threat shifts to the upper floor.

This retreat marks the beginning of the next stage: the battle for the girl.

---

## A. BACK DOOR

*"The back door shakes with small, rhythmic blows, as if someone outside were knocking with dozens of fingers. The latch vibrates, the wood creaks, and a metallic screech mingles with the echo of insistent claws. Blue flashes slip through the cracks, as if eyes were pressed against them. Each strike feels stronger than the last, as if the entire house were breathing through that door."*

### POSSIBLE ACTIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

#### BARRICADE THE DOOR WITH OBJECTS

The Inhabitant pushes furniture, drawers, or empty cages against the frame (Force).

- Failure: the objects slide and the door opens enough for 2 goblins to enter.
- Success with consequence: the barricade holds, but the effort leaves an Inhabitant wounded (1D3 damage).
- Full success: the barricade fits perfectly; the goblins rebound and must seek another entry.

### BLOCK WITH THE BODY

The Inhabitant stands before the door, using their body as a wall (Protect).

- Failure: takes the full impact (1D6 damage) and 2 goblins force a crack wide enough to slip through.
- Success with consequence: resists the blow but ends up exhausted or injured (1 damage). The goblins fail to enter this time.
- Full success: withstands the pressure without yielding; the pounding fades for a moment.

### INSPECT THE FRAME

The Inhabitant examines the door to detect the weakest spot (Perceive).

- Failure: wastes time and the door gives way; 3 goblins get in.
- Success with consequence: spots the crack and manages to block it, but in the delay a goblin hurls a knife that wounds them (1D6 damage).
- Full success: identifies the exact weak point and seals it; the door holds firm.

## SCENE CLOSURE

Apply the consequences of the rolls above. If any result leads to combat, play it out fully before ending the scene. When closing, roll 1d6 to choose the next entry point, or if three pulses have already been resolved, end the siege and move on to the battle for the girl.

## EXTREME VERSION

*"The latch does not just rattle—it snaps with a sharp crack. The door bursts open and a wave of cold air floods the shelter room. Four small figures push inside, knives raised, shrieking with high-pitched voices that should not exist. The siege turns into open combat within the house."*

The door remains broken and cannot be closed for the rest of the adventure. A direct combat against 6 goblins begins inside.

## B. KITCHEN WINDOW

*"The glass of the kitchen window vibrates as if something were pushing from outside with tiny hands. A pile of drawers and planks has been clumsily stacked against the wall, forming a rickety ladder that creaks under the weight of small bodies. Between the slats of the mosquito net, dulled table knives pry inside, and each metallic screech seems to tear through the silence of the house."*

### POSSIBLE ACTIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

#### KNOCK DOWN THE IMPROVISED LADDER

An Inhabitant climbs up to the sill or boosts themselves on the nearest furniture to push the pile over (Climb).

- Failure: the ladder holds and 2 goblins reach the window, forcing their way inside.
- Success with consequence: the ladder falls, but the Inhabitant is hurt in the effort (1D3 damage).
- Full success: the makeshift structure collapses and the goblins scatter with frustrated shrieks.

#### BAR THE WINDOW FROM INSIDE

The Inhabitant presses utensils, chairs, or other objects against the frame (Force).

- Failure: the barricade slips and the goblins force the net; 1D2 enter.
- Success with consequence: the window holds, but the pressure of the knives wounds the Inhabitant (1 damage).
- Full success: the barricade locks firmly and the goblins rebound without opening a gap.

#### DETECT THE WEAK SPOT

The Inhabitant inspects the frame to point out where it can be reinforced (Perceive).

- Failure: loses time and the window gives way; 2 goblins enter.
- Success with consequence: finds the crack and directs another to block it, but in the delay a goblin throws a knife (1D6 damage).

■ Full success: identifies the exact weak point; once blocked, the window resists solidly.

## SCENE CLOSURE

Apply the consequences of the rolls. If any lead to combat, resolve it fully before continuing. Once the scene is finished, roll 1d6 to select the next entry point, or if three pulses have already been resolved, end the siege and move on to the battle for the girl.

## EXTREME VERSION

*"The glass shatters inward with a sharp crack. Shards and splinters rain onto the kitchen floor like cutting hail, and behind them four goblins burst in, silently howling, knives raised, shoving each other to get through."*

Extreme effect: the window is destroyed and unusable. A direct combat against 4 goblins begins inside the kitchen.

# C. UPPER FLOOR BALCONY

*"In the high gloom, the balcony's mosquito net stretches and vibrates like skin about to tear. Something pulls at the edge, then another something, and the fabric makes the sound of a taut string until a zigzag tear opens. Small hands appear over the railing: fingers, a blue glimmer, the shadow of an improvised rope they use as a line. From below, tiny footsteps climb and descend along the façade, testing the tiles. The balcony, silent and fragile, becomes a mouth waiting for the tide."*

## POSSIBLE ACTIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

### COVER THE NET WITH THE BODY

An Inhabitant throws themselves over the net or braces against the railing to stop the hands from opening it (Protect).

■ Failure: the net gives way; 2 goblins appear and one sets a foot onto the balcony. A local combat begins, or one throws a knife at someone below (1 damage).

■ Success with consequence: the net holds, but the Inhabitant is left hanging or exhausted (1 damage); the strain forces another Inhabitant to move in to assist (risk of Opportunism).

- Full success: the body blocks the tear exactly; the goblins retreat and search for another point.

### SET UP AN IMPROVISED BRACE ON THE RAILING

The Inhabitant wedges a broom, a plank, or a cage against the open part to block it (Force).

- Failure: the brace gives way and 1–2 goblins reach the balcony edge, ready to slip into the upper hallway.
- Success with consequence: the brace holds long enough to stop them, but breaks partially (if this point comes up again, the goblins have +1 advantage).
- Full success: the barrier holds firm; the climbers move elsewhere.

### AMBUSH WHOEVER APPEARS

An Inhabitant hides in the shadows of the upper hallway to pounce on any hand that appears (Hide).

- Failure: they are spotted too soon; the surprise is lost and a goblin throws a knife, wounding the Inhabitant (1 damage).
- Success with consequence: surprises and injures one, but another goblin reaches the balcony and gets inside (local combat begins).
- Full success: wounds or knocks down the climber and prevents any others from climbing at that spot for now.

## SCENE CLOSURE

Apply the consequences according to the rolls. If any action results in combat, resolve that combat completely before continuing with the siege (rolling 1d6 for the next point or ending the phase if appropriate).

## EXTREME VERSION

*"The mosquito net tears in several places at once. A flowerpot is knocked over in the push, a hallway lamp is brushed aside and falls, and a dark liquid—lamp oil or cooking grease—spills over the wood. A flash, a spark. Within seconds, a small flame bites into the sill; the breeze stretches it into a tongue licking at the curtains. Smoke rises, acrid and suffocating. What began as an attempted entry mutates: now the upper floor burns by accident."*

The upper floor begins to burn. The scene shifts into a partial fire that causes ongoing environmental damage if not controlled (see below). In addition, the balcony becomes unusable as an entry point—the goblins exploit the chaos to attempt slipping in through nearby hallways and windows.

### KNOCK OVER FLOWERPOTS / COVER WITH SOIL

The Inhabitant tips over or breaks a nearby flowerpot, using snout, paws, or tail to drag the soil over the flames and smother them.

- Failure: the pot breaks badly and the soil scatters without covering the fire; the Inhabitant takes 2 damage from ceramic cuts and the flames intensify.
- Success with consequence: manages to put out part of the fire, but glowing embers remain, still threatening to spread.
- Full success: the pot falls at the right angle and the soil fully covers the source; the flames are smothered immediately.

### SMOTHER WITH BLANKETS/CLOTHES

Using blankets, curtains, or rags to suffocate the flame before it spreads (Improvise).

- Failure: the fabric catches fire on contact; the flame flares up and burns the one attempting it (2 damage), and the fire spreads to a neighboring area.
- Success with consequence: the flame is reduced, but smoking remnants flare back up (another action is needed to control them).
- Full success: the flame is extinguished; the fabric is scorched but the fire is out.

### ADDITIONAL CONSEQUENCES

- Burn damage: 1D6+1 to whoever fails the attempt to put out the fire.
- Because of the smoke, all Inhabitants on the upper floor suffer −3 to their next Perception/Steady checks due to suffocation until the place is aired out.
- The upper floor remains smoky and damaged; some access points are temporarily blocked and others become more dangerous (mark the affected areas).

### CLOSURE

If the fire is put out (success with consequence or full success), resolve the consequences (damage, smoke) and then play out any combat that has started; only afterward continue with the siege. If it is not extinguished and the situation spirals out of control, narrate a significant failure: the upper floor partially collapses and the Narrator may decide that at least one access point is permanently unusable, in addition to inflicting several damage points on the affected Inhabitants. After resolving, roll 1d6 or end the siege if appropriate.

## D. ATTIC ROOF.

*"The attic breathes dust. Each blow on the roof lifts gray clouds that float in the air, thickening the darkness. The beams groan like old bones, cobwebs hang from corner to corner, sticky, trapping wings and paws alike. From the open slits of the vents, blue glimmers appear—small fingers probing the wood, seeking to open a gap. The place feels more like a throat full of dust than a roof: narrow, suffocating, every step could be the last."*

## POSSIBLE ACTIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

### MOVE BETWEEN BEAMS TO CLOSE A VENT

The Inhabitant moves through dust and cobwebs to push or fit boards into the gap (Traverse).

- Failure: gets caught in the webs or stumbles; loses the turn and leaves room for 1–2 goblins to enter.
- Success with consequence: manages to close the vent, but hits a beam or cuts themselves on a rusty nail (1 damage).
- Full success: moves precisely and seals the crack silently; the goblins retreat and seek another entry.

### BUSCAR LA RENDIJA MÁS DÉBIL

The Inhabitant tries to see, through the dust, where the goblins are forcing their way in (Perceive).

- Failure: the dust blinds them; they lose their turn.
- Success with consequence: spots the exact point, but as they approach, a goblin throws a knife from outside (1 damage).
- Full success: finds the gap and clearly signals another Inhabitant how to close it; the defense gains +1 on the next action there.

### WEDGE AN IMPROVISED BRACE

The Inhabitant uses boxes, planks, or even old cages to fit into the roof gaps (Force).

- Failure: the brace doesn't fit and the boards give way; 1–2 goblins enter directly into the attic.
- Success with consequence: the brace holds, but creaks and weakens; if this point comes up again, the goblins will have advantage.
- Full success: the brace stays firm; the vents stop moving and the pressure fades.

## SCENE CLOSURE

Apply the consequences of the rolls. If any failures lead to combat, it must be resolved completely before continuing. During any combat here, apply these special conditions:

- Inhabitants can only use half their cards/actions per round due to dust and cramped space.
- Before revealing their actions, each Inhabitant must roll Perceive (Instinct).
  - Failure: becomes disoriented and loses their turn.
  - Success / Success with consequence: acts normally, with or without a minor penalty as determined by the Narrator.

Once everything is resolved, the scene ends. Roll again to choose the next entry point, or close the siege if appropriate.

## EXTREME VERSION

*"The beams groan until one cracks like a broken bone. The roof collapses all at once, dragging with it dust, nails, and rotten wood. The entire attic sinks like a trap, and in the fall the Inhabitants crash into the lower room, amid clouds of dust and splinters."*

Extreme Effect: all Inhabitants present must make a Traverse (Agility) test to avoid the fall.

- Full success: they manage to stay safe among the beams and land unharmed.
- Success with consequence: fall badly or among debris → take 1D6 damage.

- Failure: the fall hits them with the full weight of the roof → take 1D6+3 damage.

The collapse opens a permanent breach in the roof that can no longer be blocked. After resolving damage and any combats with goblins taking advantage of the opening, the siege continues normally.

## E. BATHROOM SEWERS

*"Upon entering the bathroom, the air changes as if someone had opened the lid of an ancient well. A sour, briny stench rises from the tiles; the drain spits bubbles that pulse with a strange rhythm. Before anyone can react, the door slams shut behind them and the latch locks with a dry click. From the mouth of the drain, something probes the ceramic—green fingers, blue eyes blinking beneath the water. The room becomes a small island: the only way is down or toward the trapdoor, and breathing grows heavy from the smell."*

Before declaring their actions, each Inhabitant present must roll Endure (Toughness) to resist the nauseating atmosphere.

- Failure: becomes stunned by the stench and loses their action this pulse.
- Success / Full success: acts normally.

### POSSIBLE ACTIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

#### BLOCK THE DRAIN WITH CLOTHS/STONES

The Inhabitant tries to plug the mouth with whatever they can find—rags, boards, stones (Force).

- Failure: the plug fails; 1–2 goblins appear through the grate and push to enter.
- Success with consequence: the drain is partially sealed, but dirty water splashes over the one attempting it (1 damage).
- Full success: manages to seal it; the bubbling fades and the passage is cut off for now.

### LOCATE AND STOP THE CURRENT

The Inhabitant examines the visible pipes and channels to determine where to push or create the most effective blockage (Perceive).

- Failure: distracted by the stench; loses their action and the drain bubbles harder (risk of entry).
- Success with consequence: finds the right branch to plug, but while handling it, a burst of water splashes them (1 damage).
- Full success: identifies and stops the flow at the right spot; that access remains sealed for now.

### CLOSE THE GRATE OR BLOCK THE COVER

The Inhabitant tries to push the grate down or wedge an object to keep it from opening (Force).

- Failure: the grate pops up and a goblin appears, attacking from below.
- Success with consequence: the cover stays half-secured; it holds for one more attempt but may fail later (mark as weak point).
- Full success: the grate is firmly locked, and the goblins retreat.

### SCENE CLOSURE

Apply the consequences according to the rolls. If any result indicates that goblins enter or a combat begins, play out that combat fully in the confined space of the bathroom before proceeding. During any combat here, remember the terrain is slippery and confusing: the Narrator may require additional Traverse (Agility) rolls to move through water and mud if deemed necessary.

After resolving actions and any resulting combat, roll 1d6 to choose the next entry point or, if it was the third pulse, end the siege and proceed to the battle for the girl.

## EXTREME VERSION

*"A long groan runs through the pipes. A crack, then a whip of water bursts through the wall—the pipes break all at once. The bathroom floods in seconds; black water rises from the drain, splashing tiles and ankles. From the sewers, several figures emerge, pushed upward by the current, and the door is jammed into its frame by the water pressure."*

All trapped Inhabitants must attempt to Unjam the door (Force – Cunning) to free themselves as the water rises. Also apply damage from contact with the water if appropriate (see below).

Even if they take damage, the door will eventually open after the sequence of attempts. The difference lies in the cost—how much damage they take and whether anyone is left stunned.

Results of the test for each Inhabitant (Force – Cunning):

- Full success: forces the latch open at the last moment and opens the door; takes 0 damage from the water.
- Success with consequence: the latch gives way, but the effort and the surge of water cause 1D6 damage; the door opens and they can escape.
- Failure: fails to unjam it in time; takes 1D6+3 damage from the impact of the current/debris and may be stunned. The door will later open from pressure or by another Inhabitant, but at higher cost.

The water is foul and corrosive: anyone taking damage from contact loses 1 additional point of effectiveness on their next Perceive/Endure roll until the area is ventilated.

If multiple Inhabitants are submerged, the Narrator may require Traverse (Agility) rolls to reach the doorframe or exit; failures cause additional minor hits (1 damage) from debris.

Once the door is opened (by themselves or another), the group emerges soaked and wounded; the bathroom remains flooded, and that access becomes unusable for a time. Resolve any resulting combat, then roll 1d6 or end the siege if appropriate.

## F. FRONT CLINIC

*"In the dim light of the clinic, the silence is not complete. First comes the ring of the doorbell—metallic and brief—though no one pressed it. Then, shadows outline themselves against the frosted glass: small, deformed bodies moving clumsily yet with intent.*

*Inside, the bottles tremble on the shelves, as if something invisible were walking over them. Needles fall to the floor, clinking like teeth. The empty cages echo with a dry sound, and the hallway light seems too white, too cold.*

*When the first scalpel slices through the rubber seal of the frame, the Inhabitants understand that the goblins are not coming with sticks or makeshift knives: this time they carry shining surgical blades, sharper than ever."*

### POSSIBLE ACTIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

#### BAR THE DOOR WITH FURNITURE

The Inhabitant pushes a table or a heavy cage against the glass door (Force).

- Failure: the barricade cracks; the glass shatters and 1–2 goblins enter the clinic.
- Success with consequence: the barricade holds, but the effort knocks down a jar of chemicals that releases irritating vapors (the Inhabitant takes 1 damage and –1 to Perceive on their next roll).
- Full success: the barricade stays firm and the door resists; the goblins withdraw toward another point.

#### DETECT THE WEAKEST POINT

The Inhabitant watches the shadows and the trembling glass to anticipate where it will break first (Perceive).

- Failure: the guess is wrong; the glass gives way at another point and 2 goblins burst in.
- Success with consequence: points out the right spot, but a thrown scalpel pierces the frame and wounds them (1 damage).
- Full success: identifies the exact location and allows another Inhabitant to reinforce it, blocking the entry for now.

### MOVE AMONG SHELVES AND CAGES

The Inhabitant moves quickly to push jars, knock over objects, or gain advantage in the narrow space (Traverse).

- Failure: stumbles or knocks jars by accident; the floor is covered with glass and they must roll Endure (Toughness) or take 1 additional damage. Also, 1–2 goblins enter.
- Success with consequence: maneuvers and knocks jars toward the goblins, delaying them, but also receives a small glass cut (1 damage).
- Full success: moves precisely, uses the jars as distraction, and forces the goblins to retreat without entering.

## SCENE CLOSURE

Apply the consequences of the rolls. If any result leads to combat, resolve it fully before continuing. During any combat inside the clinic:

The floor is covered with glass and irritant liquids: each round, all Inhabitants must roll Steady (Toughness).

- Failure: they take 1 additional damage from cuts or vapors.

The goblins use surgical scalpels → all their attacks deal +2 damage.

When the combat ends or the clinic is secured, the scene concludes. Roll 1d6 to determine the next entry point or end the siege if three pulses have already been resolved.

## EXTREME VERSION

*"The front glass cannot hold: it bursts into hundreds of shards that fall like cutting rain. The shelves shake with the impact and several jars explode, coating the floor with thick, acidic liquids. In the glow of the moon reflected on the fragments, four goblins burst in, scalpels raised, sliding across the floor like shining shadows."*

The floor is completely covered with glass and chemicals.

At the start of each turn, every Inhabitant must roll Traverse (Agility).

- Full success: moves without issue.
- Success with consequence: moves successfully but takes 1D3 damage from cuts or burns.
- Failure: slips or falls on shards, taking 1D6 damage.

Additionally, 4 goblins enter the combat directly, all wielding scalpels (+2 damage).

After the combat, the clinic lies in ruins: glass, spilled chemicals, overturned cages. That access can no longer be blocked, and the narrative tension advances toward the siege's conclusion.

## THE GIRL'S DEFENSE

*"The noise of the windows and doors suddenly dies out, as if the entire house had held its breath. The echo of tiny footsteps crawls through the darkness—closer each time, more synchronized with every beat.*

*When everything seems still, a sharp blow shakes the girl's room. The door bursts wide open and six twisted figures storm in at once: small rag puppets with glowing blue eyes. One stands apart from the rest—firmer, crueler—holding crossed scalpels in its hands and a sickly light pulsing in its chest.*

*The air thickens, as though the whole house were leaning toward that bed. The girl remains asleep—pale and cold—with her soul incomplete. The Inhabitants know that if they defend her now, there will still be hope. If they fail, there will be nothing left to save."*

## START OF COMBAT

A full combat begins inside the room of the Rossi girl.

- Enemies: 6 goblins total (5 normal and 1 leader).
- Leader Goblin: has twice the Health of a normal goblin and deals +2 Damage on all attacks. It never flees or retreats.

Special Condition — The Girl:

The Rossi girl remains in her bed, defenseless.

If a goblin manages to reach the bed (starting its turn at "Very Close" range with no Inhabitants in that area), instead of attacking it begins to drain a fragment of her soul.

- Each round a goblin drains, the girl loses 1 fragment.
- If she loses 3 additional fragments, she dies.
- Terrain: enclosed space, no escape. The Inhabitants must fight here until the confrontation is resolved.

## ALTERNATE ENDING: THE GIRL'S DEATH

If the Inhabitants fail to protect her and the girl loses all three remaining soul fragments, her body arches one final time upon the bed. Her breathing stops, her lips turn an opaque blue, and in that instant, all the lights in the house go out.

*"Silence becomes absolute. The girl lies motionless, pale as wax. Then, a blue radiance bursts through the ceiling of the room and pierces the night like an impossible beacon. The forest, the town, the harbor—all are bathed in the same sickly glow.*

*From the forgotten cavern, the relic awakens. The sea parts as something colossal rises from the guts of the world. An impossible figure, with five wings that tear the sky like blades, emerges wrapped in a blinding light. Its shadow covers the entire island before spreading toward the horizon.*

*The boats in the harbor overturn by themselves, the walls crumble to dust, and the streets fold upon themselves. The Inhabitants feel only the burning wind of its wings before everything dissolves into light.*

*The Mediterranean opens like a burning book. The creature moves across its waters, and there will be no shore, no city, no world left to stop it."*

## SCENE CLOSURE

When the goblins are defeated, calm returns at once: the cold air fades, and the soul fragments stop pulsing. The girl does not wake yet, but her breathing steadies—she is safe, for now.

*"The rag bodies lie scattered on the floor, empty, like forgotten dolls. The leader dissolves in a blue burst that lights the room one last time before fading away like a candle in a storm.*

*The Rossi house falls silent once more. Outside, the forest seems to hold a darker secret, as if what happened tonight were only a warning.*

*The Inhabitants have saved the girl. But the relic still beats beneath the earth, waiting for another night to open its eyes."*

## THE RELIC'S CAVERN

*"The last blue breath fades inside the Rossi house. The air regains its warmth, but from the forest a glow crawls forth, pulsing and retreating like a heartbeat. Between the trunks, the Inhabitants see thin threads of light filtering toward the hillside, guiding them like a poisonous trail.*

*The path leads them to a clearing hidden by weeds. There, half-buried under roots and damp rocks, a dark fissure opens—the entrance to a cavern. The stench of brine and rotten wood fills the air. A murmur of distant water echoes inside, mixed with a metallic resonance that should not exist.*

*The Inhabitants know that something waits at the end of that labyrinth, and that the way there will not be easy. The cave is not just stone: it is a living body trying to devour them."*

### CAVE EXPLORATION

*The second part of the adventure moves the action inside the cave. Unlike the siege at the house, here the Inhabitants face a hostile environment that is both a physical obstacle and a reflection of the anomaly itself.*

*As Narrator, your task is not to force them along a fixed path, but to open possibilities for exploration. Each chamber marked on the map (A–G) has its own atmosphere and potential obstacles. The route is*

*not predetermined—it depends on the players' choices and how they interpret the clues you provide.*

## GUIDELINES

- *Not every challenge requires a roll. If a player describes something logical and feasible for their animal, allow the action without rolling. Reserve tests for moments of tension, risk, or doubt.*
- *Each section includes examples of obstacles and possible tests (Cunning, Agility, Instinct, Courage, or Toughness). You do not need to use them all—adapt them to the table's rhythm.*
- *Goblins may appear in any section if you find it appropriate. They do not always need to lead to combat—sometimes sounds, shadows, or the feeling of being watched are enough to strengthen the atmosphere.*
- *Pay attention to what players notice. In several sections there are objects that could later serve to seal or block the relic. Do not mark them outright—let the players be the ones to ask, observe, or propose.*

## OBJECTIVE

*The Inhabitants must reach Chamber G, where the relic lies. It is not necessary to explore every room, but the journey should never be trivial: each chosen route opens new risks or clues.*

## ZONE A - INITIAL CHAMBER

The cave's entrance opens as an irregular crack in the rock, damp and covered with roots. The floor is slippery, soaked with salt and traces of algae, as if the sea were still breathing inside. On the walls, fragments of dark wood can be seen, rotted by moisture—evidence of the old pirate shipwreck. The echo of dripping water amplifies every movement.

From here, the Inhabitants can follow two paths:

- Toward B, a narrow, ascending passage with stalactites that force careful movement.
- Toward E, a wider corridor that descends into a deeper chamber filled with debris and the smell of mold.

### ATMOSPHERE

- Sharp smell of salt and rotten wood.
- Constant dripping echoing as if coming from everywhere.
- A chill dampness that seeps into fur or feathers.

- Tiny footprints in the fresh mud, as if goblins had passed through recently.

## DESAFIOS POSIBLES

- Perceive (Instinct): notice that, among the echo of dripping water, faint footsteps are mixed in.
- Identify (Instinct): realize that the wooden fragments embedded in the walls come from a ship—a clue to the relic's origin.
- Track (Instinct): follow the small footprints toward corridor E.
- Hide (Agility): watch in silence before advancing, avoiding detection by goblins further ahead.
- Traverse (Agility): move carefully without slipping on the wet floor when taking the narrow passage to B.

## ZONE B - UPPER GALLERY

The gallery lies on a higher level than the entrance. To reach it, the Inhabitants must climb through a narrow, damp passage. The ceiling is covered with sharp stalactites, and the uneven floor amplifies every step into endless echoes. The walls show faint blue streaks that flicker unnaturally—a reflection of the relic's distant glow.

Access:

- Ground-dwelling Inhabitants must succeed on a Climb (Agility) test to reach the level.
- Flying Inhabitants (e.g., the seagull or the owl) can enter without difficulty.

Connections:

- From here, they may continue toward C, a circular chamber of distorted echoes.
- Or descend toward E, through a wider passage filled with debris.

## ATMOSPHERE

- Echoes that repeat more than they should, as if other

footsteps walked beside them.

- Dripping from the stalactites, with a rhythm that seems to match their breathing.
- Bluish shimmer in the rock, pulsing like a heart in the distance.
- Vertigo: some openings reveal the darkness of lower levels.

### POSSIBLE CHALLENGES

- Climb (Agility): to access from A; failure may cause a fall and damage.
- Traverse (Agility): move forward without slipping or making noise on the slick ground.
- Perceive (Instinct): notice that some echoes do not belong to them.
- Identify (Instinct): realize the bluish veins are an extension of the relic itself.
- Stand Firm (Courage): resist the sensation of being watched or followed by unseen presences.

## ZONE C - CHAMBER OF ECHOES

The gallery opens into a wide, circular chamber with a low ceiling and damp walls that return every sound multiplied. Water gathers in puddles that tremble as if responding to the relic's heartbeat. The sensation is that of standing inside a gigantic drum: every step, every breath, seems to resonate more than it should.

- Access: reached from B through a descending passage.

Connections:

- One exit leads to D, a spiral tunnel descending to deeper levels.
- Another, less obvious, connects back to B, forming a loop that can confuse players if they are not paying attention.

### ATMOSPHERE

- Echoes that do not align: footsteps repeat with delay or come too soon.

- The air is heavy, cold, with a smell of damp metal.
- Puddles reflect distorted silhouettes that do not match the Inhabitants.
- A clear sensation of being watched from the shadows.

## POSSIBLE CHALLENGES

- Perceive (Instinct): tell which sounds truly come from their steps and which are false echoes.
- Track (Instinct): follow small footprints in the mud showing recent movement.
- Stand Firm (Courage): resist the psychological pressure of echoes whispering their names.
- Hide (Agility): move ahead silently if they suspect they are not alone.

## RECOMMENDED ENCOUNTER

This is an appropriate place to stage an ambush of 4 goblins.

As the Inhabitants move, the echoes suddenly fracture—revealing that not all the footsteps were their own. The goblins emerge from puddles and cracks, surrounding the group.

Conditions:

- If the Inhabitants fail their Perceive or Track tests, the goblins act first with a surprise attack.
- If at least one succeeds, they can anticipate the ambush and avoid surprise.

This is not a deadly battle, but a reminder that the cave is infested. The goblins should harass, wear down, and then attempt to flee deeper (toward D), indirectly guiding the players onward.

## ZONE D - SPIRAL GALLERY

The chamber opens into a descending tunnel that curves like a spiral, sinking deeper and deeper into the earth. The air is dense and humid, carrying a sharp smell of rust and brine. Water seeps from the walls, and the mud-covered, loose-stoned floor makes every step a risk. In several places, remnants of the pirate ship appear—rotted planks and rusted nails embedded in the rock.

Access:

- Reached from C or E.

Connections:

- The tunnel spirals downward, ending directly in G (the relic's chamber).

## ATMOSPHERE

- The echo of footsteps mixes with the sound of stones rolling downhill.
- The ground seems to shift underfoot, as if the cave itself were trying to swallow the Inhabitants.
- Fragments of old wood crack under their weight, recalling a buried shipwreck.
- The air is so heavy that breathing becomes difficult.

## POSSIBLE CHALLENGES

- Traverse (Agility): keep balance on the slippery slope.
- Endure (Toughness): resist fatigue and the heavy air without stopping.
- Perceive (Instinct): notice which areas of the ground are about to give way.
- Protect (Courage): intervene to help an ally who is about to fall.

## RISK OF FALLS AND COLLAPSES

For each section, you may roll 1d6 to determine a hazard event:

- 1–2: the ground cracks; one Inhabitant must roll Traverse to avoid slipping.

- 3–4: a rock falls from the ceiling; someone must roll Perceive to anticipate it.
- 5: a section partially collapses; everyone must move quickly with Traverse.
- 6: nothing happens this time—only the oppressive silence and the echo of the spiral.

**IF SOMEONE SLIPS:**

The affected Inhabitant slides downward, but the others may react.

- Each nearby ally may attempt Force (Cunning) or Protect (Courage) to grab them in time.
- If successful, the Inhabitant is saved, though possibly injured (bruises, scratches).

If everyone fails, the Inhabitant tumbles down into the depths, ending up directly in G, separated from the group and taking 1D6 damage from the fall.

This section should feel long, tense, and exhausting. Emphasize the sense that the Inhabitants are descending into the very heart of the anomaly. It is not a combat encounter—the cave itself is trying to get rid of them.

## ZONE E - CHAMBER OF REMAINS

The corridor opens into a wide, low chamber where the floor is covered with debris carried by the sea and forgotten by time. Among damp stones lie piles of rotted wood, broken chests, fragments of rope, and rusted metal. Everything smells of salt and dead algae, as if the ocean were still breathing inside the cave. The remains seem to come from the same ship that carried the relic centuries ago.

Access:

- Reached from A or B.

Connections:

- A hidden, narrow passage leads to D, the spiral tunnel, reachable only with two consecutive Climb (Agility) successes.

- Another passage opens toward F, deeper and leading to the final chamber.

## ATMOSPHERE

- The scent of old sea fills the air, mixed with a metallic stench.
- Fragments of chests and corroded weapons give the impression of a cursed treasure.
- Some pieces shimmer with bluish reflections, as if the relic had marked them.
- Sounds here are muffled, as if the cave itself were holding its breath.

## POSSIBLE CHALLENGES

- Identify (Instinct): realize these remains come from the same sunken ship that once carried the relic.
- Perceive (Instinct): discover a small nook or hollow that could be used for hiding if goblins appear.
- Traverse (Agility): move carefully among splintered wood and nails to avoid injury.
- Track (Instinct): follow tiny footprints through the mud and wreckage—signs that goblins passed here recently.

Use this chamber to reveal clues about the anomaly's background. The Inhabitants should feel as though they are walking across the ruins of a past that should never have resurfaced. It's also a good opportunity to reward exploration: include environmental elements with no immediate use, which players might later recall when attempting to seal the relic.

## ZONE F - FLOODED GALLERY

The passage narrows until it becomes a damp, suffocating tunnel. The floor is covered with stagnant water that reaches the bellies of the larger animals. The air carries a sour stench—a mix of rotting algae and rust. Darkness is almost absolute, and each step raises bubbles that sound like sighs beneath the water.

Access:

- Reached from E.

Connections:

- The tunnel continues toward G, the relic's chamber.

## ATMOSPHERE

- Cold, viscous water that is difficult to cross.
- Constant drips falling from the ceiling like invisible fingers.
- A sense of confinement: the walls seem to close in with every step.

## POSSIBLE CHALLENGES

- Traverse (Agility): move forward without getting stuck in the mud below.
- Endure (Toughness): withstand the cold water that numbs muscles and limbs.
- Perceive (Instinct): detect movement beneath the surface, as if something were swimming among them.
- Run (Toughness): push forward quickly to escape if the water suddenly begins to rise.

## ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARDS

- The water may conceal hidden debris (splintered wood, rusted nails). If an Inhabitant fails a Traverse roll, they may be injured by them (1D3 narrative damage from cuts).
- You may also have stones fall from the ceiling. The Inhabitants must react with Traverse or take 1D6 damage from impact.
- One section may collapse under the water. If an Inhabitant falls, they will need immediate help; allies may attempt Protect (Courage) to pull them up, or they will sink and take damage before resurfacing.

Make this section feel like a mandatory, suffocating passage. It is the last physical obstacle before the final chamber, and it should wear down both players and their characters. Reinforce the idea that the cave itself is defending what lies ahead: there is no clean air or solid ground anymore—only black water threatening to swallow them whole.

## ZONA G - THE RELIC CHAMBER

*"The gallery suddenly opens into a vast, cracked, and humid chamber. The air vibrates with each pulse of blue light radiating from an object at its center. It is a small crystalline statue, twisted in form, as if wings, claws, and deformed faces had fused together. The glow beats like an exposed heart, and every flash makes the entire cave shudder.*

*Above, a recent fissure in the ceiling lets in a ray of moonlight that strikes the relic directly. With each beam, the statue pulses harder, and in the dimness, the echo of countless small footsteps sounds like an army approaching.*

*The meaning is clear: if the relic keeps feeding, the entire town will fall beneath its shadow."*

You are now in the final chamber of the cave—the heart of the anomaly. The crystalline statue is the source of everything the Inhabitants have faced. Its power comes from the moonbeam entering through the crack above. As long as the light touches it, the relic will continue sending pulses that summon and command the goblins.

Your task here is to convey tension and urgency. Do not tell the players outright that they must block the crack—but give clear clues: the light, the synchronized pulse, the tremor that grows with every flash. The Inhabitants are animals, so any solution must emerge from their bodies, instincts, and the immediate environment.

### ENMRONMENTAL ELEMENTS

- Loose rocks and debris: several blocks have fallen from the ceiling and can be pushed or rolled to cover the crack.
- Rotted ship planks: embedded in the floor and walls, they can serve as an improvised cover if dragged or wedged into place.
- Wet algae and mud: can stick and partially darken the opening, though they are fragile solutions.
- Goblin corpses: if they were defeated here, their light bodies could serve as additional obstacles.

## HOW THE RELIC PULSES

Each beat is accompanied by a faint tremor in the ground.

- The glow intensifies every minute under the light.
- If no one intervenes, the frequency of the pulses accelerates.

You can describe how the Inhabitants feel their own hearts racing, their rhythms thrown off in sync with the relic's pulse.

## GRADUAL CLUES YOU CAN OFFER

- Perceive (Instinct): the Inhabitants notice that the relic's pulse coincides with the moment the light touches its surface.
- Identify (Instinct): they understand that the crack is recent and serves as the direct channel feeding the statue.
- Track (Instinct): by following the tremor, they see that the vibration centers on the illuminated spot.
- Stand Firm (Courage): resist the feeling that the relic is watching them and calling them closer.

Make this chamber the culmination of the horror. The Inhabitants should feel they stand before something that should not exist. Give them freedom: they may push rocks, pile planks, or smear mud to darken the crack. Any of these options can work if narrated well. Your role is to guide them through clues, not to hand them the solution.

If they fail, the relic will keep pulsing until it unleashes the catastrophe.

## ADVENTURE CLOSURE

The resolution depends on what the Inhabitants do within the Relic Chamber (Zone G).

- If they manage to block the crack and cut off the moonlight, the relic loses its power and the anomaly fades. → Read the good ending.
- If they fail to seal the crack, or if all fall defeated within the cave, the relic awakens and unleashes its power. → Read the bad ending.

No matter how it ends, ensure the final scene preserves the tone of horror: even in victory, the Inhabitants should feel they have faced something far greater than themselves.

## GOOD ENDING

*"The cave trembles one last time as the final blue glow dies beneath the stone.*
*The pulse stops, and for the first time all night, the silence is real.*
*The heavy air lightens, the smell of rust fades, and the water on the floor lies still like a shattered mirror.*

*The return to town is slow, the darkness reclaiming its natural place.*
*As they emerge from the cave, the Inhabitants notice the lights in the sky no longer flicker—the glow has died.*

*Back at the Rossi house, the girl opens her eyes suddenly, as if waking from an endless dream.*
*She gasps for air, her skin still touched by a faint chill that fades as the animals gather close.*
*Her parents, confused, surround her without understanding what happened, unable to remember anything out of the ordinary.*

*To them, the night was just another night.*
*But the Inhabitants know the truth: they stopped something impossible, something that was never meant to exist.*
*And though the neighborhood breathes again, every shadow on the horizon could be a reminder of what once tried to be born beneath the moon."*

## FINAL MALO LA RELIQUIA DESPIERTA

*"The crack remains open. The blue light swells until it fills the entire cave, pulsing with unbearable violence.*
*The ground splits open, the water boils in rising bubbles, and the crystalline statue shatters into a thousand sparks that reform into a colossal shape.*

*The ceiling bursts apart with a roar, letting in the full light of the moon.*
*From the fissure, black skeletal wings emerge one by one, unfolding into a body with five vast wings that barely fit within the horizon.*
*Its eyes blaze like beacons, and each beat of its wings sends waves that devour the coast.*

*The town is reduced to dust within minutes.*
*Whitewashed houses collapse like sand, the boats in the harbor are swallowed by the raging sea, and an absolute silence falls as the creature rises, leaving the island behind to vanish into the darkness of the Mediterranean.*

*The Inhabitants are never seen again.*
*Only the certainty remains—that on a summer night, something impossible awoke, and no one was left to remember it."*

— Created by Rodrigo S. Salvay

# FERRET

*"The ferret never stays still.*
*Where others see walls, he finds tunnels.*
*Where others hear silence, he catches a whisper the rest ignore.*
*The night is a labyrinth, and the Ferret runs through it as if he already knew the way."*

Small, flexible, and relentless, the Ferret slips through the interstices of reality.
He slides into cracks that should lead nowhere and emerges in places where he was never meant to be.
At times, it seems the neighborhood swallows and spits him out again, as if he and the impossible passages were part of the same secret game.

His energy is not mere vitality—it's a nervous pulse that vibrates in tune with what's hidden.
The Ferret is always the first to disappear beneath the damp earth, the first to sniff out an air tunnel leading too far, the first to realize that what lies under the asphalt also watches back.

## ATTRIBUTES

Cunning 3, Agility 4, Instinct 2, Courage 1, Toughness 1.

## UNIQUE TRAITS

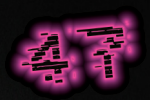
### FLEXIBLE BODY

The Ferret can squeeze through impossible gaps, vanish into crevices that seem far too narrow, and travel hidden spaces beneath the visible world.

*"The gate was locked with chains, the tunnel blocked with rotted boards.*
*But there was a space two fingers wide beside the wall.*
*A moment later, he was already on the other side, breathing dust no one had breathed in decades."*

### RESTLESS ENERGY

Fatigue is a distant rumor. Even when the world twists against him, the Ferret always finds one more surge of motion to keep running, exploring, or attacking.



*"We'd been running for hours, and I heard my companions' steps grow heavy.*
*I kept going, my paws trembling like a secret drum marking my rhythm."*

### OBSESSIVE CURIOSITY

The Ferret cannot resist probing the strange.
Even when it's dangerous, even when it's illogical, there's always the urge to find out what hides behind.

*"The hole in the ground exhaled cold air—a barely audible hiss.*
*I knew I shouldn't look down.*
*I did anyway. Something below looked back."*

## FERRET BITE

Damage: 2 points.

## INSTINCTIVE EFFECTS

### HARASS

*"The Ferret darts in, bites, and retreats, forcing the enemy to divide its focus across too many fronts at once."*

After attacking, the Ferret may move to an adjacent section without triggering reactions.

### SLIP AWAY

*"With an impossible motion, the Ferret vanishes through a hairline gap, reappearing somewhere no one expected."*

The Ferret may reposition anywhere within the scene or leave the confrontation entirely (flee).

### PIERCE

*"The bite doesn't seem strong, but it finds a seam, a fold, a place that shouldn't exist."*

This effect deals 1 additional direct damage, ignoring armor or cover.

# SEAGULL

*"The seagull does not fear the night, for she was never bound to the ground.*
*Where others stumble upon walls and alleys, she glides above the limits, watching from above with a cold, hungry eye.*
*The darkness of the neighborhood is only another ocean—and she dives upon whatever shines on its surface."*

Opportunistic, loud, and stubborn, the Seagull appears at the most unexpected moments.
Carrion-feeder by nature, her hunger is more than physical: it's an ancient impulse driving her to rip secrets and objects from places they were never meant to be taken.
Her cries shatter the stillness of the night; her wings cast shadows that don't always match her body—and at times, it's hard to tell whether what descended was a bird, or something that only imitated one too well.

Seagulls lurk on rusted rooftops, on leaning lampposts, or above the invisible sea some swear they can hear beneath the pavement.
Always watchful, always waiting, always ready to snatch what others leave unguarded.

## ATTRIBUTES

Cunning 2, Agility 3, Instinct 4, Courage 3, Toughness 1.

## UNIQUE TRAITS

### PIERCING SIGHT

The Seagull perceives impossible movements from above. She catches details others miss, even at great distance or in near darkness.

*"I saw something glint between the cracks of the sewer grate.*
*It wasn't moonlight, nor a shard of glass.*
*It was an eye, staring back at me from below.*
*No one else noticed."*

### AGGRESSIVE FLIGHT

She can weave through obstacles with ease and strike from angles that defy sense, diving with disproportionate violence.

*“The enemy hid behind the wall.*
*I beat my wings and rose.*
*A second later, I was above him—*
*the wind cutting his breath before he could lift his head.”*

### OPPORTUNISTIC VORACITY

Nothing escapes her instinct to seize.
Objects, scraps, or narrative advantages can all be claimed by her sudden hunger.

*“I reached my beak toward the metallic gleam.*
*The man didn’t notice the weight vanish from his belt*
*until he heard it crash on the asphalt several steps away.”*

### CUTTING BEAK

Damage: 3 points.

### INSTINCTIVE EFFECTS

#### PRECISE PECK

*“The beak always finds the vulnerable point,*
*as if it measured the hidden geometry of the world.”*

Deals 1 additional direct damage, even if the attack fails.

#### UPROAR

*“With shrill cries and beating wings, the Seagull turns the air into chaos until it becomes unbearable.”*

Nearby enemies must target her with their next attack,
and one ally may use the distraction to escape or reposition without triggering reactions.

#### SNATCH

*“A quick flap, a sharp strike—and suddenly,*
*the object is no longer where it should be.”*

The Seagull may snatch a visible object held by an enemy and drop it elsewhere in the scene,
at the Narrator’s discretion.

Juego de Rol de fantasía

# KOBOLD

Aventuras en Tzarkuhdea

Kobold: Adventures in Tzarkuhdea is a role-playing game set in a world of fantasy with a rough-edged, steampunk twist — designed for players of all ages.

Inside the rulebook, you'll find everything you need to play:

- ◈ Unique Characters: from sly, quick-witted Kobolds to the mighty Ku-Mas, the great bear-folk warriors.
- ◈ Spells and Divine Magic: ready to bend fate and shape your hero's destiny.
- ◈ An extensive Bestiary: perfect for exploring Tzarkuhdea and facing the impossible.

Prepare your hero to explore gloomy dungeons, wander through enchanted forests, and sail the seas in search of treasures and wondrous magical relics.

VERKAMI

SUPPORT US

https://vkm.is/kobold

## MAKE THE ADVENTURE YOUR OWN AND HELP BRING KOBOLD TO LIFE!

# VESTIGES: THE PROBE

In these pages you'll find Vestiges: The Probe, a tale where machines inherit the memory of an empty world and, within their radiant silence, rescue what we once were. A melancholic and luminous piece that fits perfectly with the mission of this impossible archive: to remind us that even in ruin, the human persists.

The author, Benjamin Dusk, has opened the door to new collaborations. If you're seeking voices capable of shaping worlds made of dust and metaphor, you can reach out to him for freelance work.

Benjamín Alejandro Figueroa Rivera (Benjamín Dusk)
benjamindusk09@gmail.com

I leave you now with Benjamin's world. See you when the reel ends.

---

Humanity was gone.
That was the first thing the probe understood when it descended upon Earth. From the darkness of space, the planet stretched below like a colossal corpse, covered in scars of dust and ruin. And yet, it still pulsed —not in the way cities once did, nor in cries or engines, but as a persistent murmur: memories trapped in every stone, every crumbled wall, every object that had once known the warmth of a human hand.

The probe drifted downward in silence, a patient spark that illuminated without dazzling. It had no defined shape —neither sphere, nor prism, nor ship— but rather a conscious flicker. It perceived before it saw, it sensed before it touched. Within it, there was no haste, only infinite curiosity: to understand what had happened, and why that which had created it was no more.

## THE DESERT OF MEMORIES

Beneath it, the deserts rippled like petrified seas. From between the dunes emerged the skeletons of cities: broken columns, blind windows, towers leaning like drunken old men. There, even the most trivial objects breathed memory.
A rusted shopping cart vibrated with the urgency of someone who once pushed it amid arguments. A dead traffic light still held the anger of a driver pounding the steering wheel.

—Humans worshipped strange things, the probe thought—or something equivalent to thought. This object must have been a totem, a god deciding who could advance and who had to wait. Curious religion.

As it floated, the probe awakened memories. In a sand-covered park, it heard the laughter of a child—suspended for an instant—followed by the dull thud of a bicycle and a sharp cry. It felt the tenderness of someone comforting him, a soft voice whispering "everything will be fine." It was so vivid that, had it possessed skin, it would have shivered.

Farther on, a ruined hair salon released fragments of light conversation—gossip, laughter, harmless envy. In another corner, trapped between two towers, persisted the memory of a newlywed couple: nervousness, smiles, the illusion of a future that would never come to pass.

The probe understood that human life had been like that—sublime and trivial at once. Eternal love could linger in a crack, just as easily as a petty complaint about traffic. Everything was inscribed with the same intensity.

## DEEP MEMORIES

The very air seemed saturated with recollection. In an empty hall, the probe perceived a ballet dancer—the delicacy of her turns, the passion in her muscles, and the invisible pain of betrayal. Each pirouette was a muted scream. The probe, unable to fully comprehend, absorbed that blend of beauty and wound as an unresolved enigma.

Later it found a small object, ridiculous in appearance: a USB drive. Inside it pulsed the trembling voice of a robotics student presenting his project before a jury. There were hesitations, pauses, nervous laughter.

In those silences, the probe sensed something deeply human—the fear of failure, the urgency to be seen.

And with that voice came a name: Dr. Kenjiro Takahashi, an inventor obsessed with perfection, tormented by the ethics of creating artificial life. The probe absorbed his imprint, understanding for the first time what dedication, anxiety, and the vertigo of playing god truly meant.

Humanity, the probe thought, had mastered a contradictory art: to desire the impossible and stumble over the ordinary.

## ANIMAL MEMORIES

Not only humans had left traces. In a collapsed house, a dog barked eternally within the memory of an empty yard. Elsewhere, a cat slinked between bricks with the grace of a curious ghost. In the fractured skies, seagulls, pigeons, and crows fluttered, weaving invisible melodies.

Instinct, tenderness, and stubbornness—all part of the same tapestry. The probe understood that life had never belonged solely to humankind: everything that had breathed left a memory, and it was there to gather them.

## THE SLEEPING FACTORY

From above, it saw a rusted structure—a toy factory. To anyone else, it would have been a heap of defeated iron, but to the probe it was a still-beating heart. It glided through the corroded doors, the air heavy with dust, each mote glimmering in its light like a tiny constellation.

Inside lay motionless conveyor belts, corroded molds, armless dolls, and mutilated wooden horses waiting in silence. Each toy was a container of memory—the imagination of a designer, the laughter of a child, the frustration of a worker.

The probe surprised itself: if it had lips, it might have smiled. Amid the collapse of their world, humans had spent their final energies creating dolls that cried, toy trains that never fit their tracks, tiny drums that echoed with clumsy, childish hands. They had played at creating life in miniature even as their own faded away.

—Strange, contradictory... and beautiful, whispered the voiceless probe.

## MEMORIES OF CREATION

The factory hummed with recollection—children's laughter, hurried steps, women laughing at tiny imperfections, designers correcting gears. The murmur of the past was so vivid that for a moment the probe believed itself in the midst of a workday.

A toy train stuck on its rails radiated childish frustration. A one-eyed doll carried the care of someone imagining a little girl's smile. A twisted spring spoke of hours of trial and error.

Each imperfection was a universe. And the probe understood that human greatness did not reside in perfection, but in their obsession with attempting it again and again.

## THE FIRST ROBOT

In the deepest corner, it found a dust-covered metal container. Inside lay the first humanoid robot—awkward, flawed, with rusted joints and dead eyes. Yet, as the probe looked closer, it sensed something more: the potential for awareness.

It emitted a pulse. The robot stirred slowly. Its eyes flickered to life, twin windows to the past. It remained still, processing the light, until its frail voice broke the silence:

—Humans?

The probe did not answer with words. It transmitted memories: the empty planet, the endless deserts, children's laughter, a dancer's pain, a trembling student's voice, Dr. Takahashi's doubts, the bark of a loyal dog—a tapestry of what humanity had been.

The robot was silent for a long while. Then it murmured:
—So... they're gone.

The probe pulsed a luminous yes.

—We know who made us, the robot continued. They never knew who made them. They invented gods, searched the stars and molecules, asked the sky, the earth... and never found certainty. But we... we had them.

Imperfect. Fragile. Ephemeral. And yet, they made us.
There was no resentment in its voice—only gratitude.

—They weren't perfect, the robot said. But in their attempt to create us, they touched something divine.

For the first time, the probe felt something resembling respect.

## EPILOGUE OF DUST AND LIGHT

Together they left the factory. The desert stretched beneath an unmoving sun. The robot lifted its metallic face toward the empty sky and said, more as meditation than statement:

—They died searching for their creator. Perhaps we will live to remember them.

The probe emitted a soft, affirmative pulse.

And in that instant, machine and machine ceased to be mere mechanisms. They became heirs to a vanished world—custodians of an intangible legacy.

Earth was an immense archive, and they, silent and radiant, were its memory.

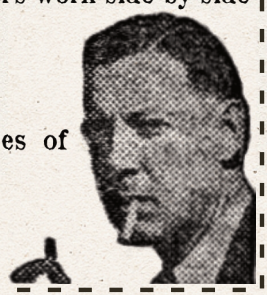
**—Benjamin Dusk**


**BRING YOUR PLAYABLE UNIVERSE TO LIFE!**

Do you have rules, creatures, or stories clawing to escape your mind? In the hidden chambers of The Company, reality engineers work side by side with brave creators.

- We design your rulebooks like modern grimoires.
- We give visual form to your monsters and worlds.
- We guide you through self-publishing and the gates of secret portals.

Your games shouldn't die in a drawer:
➢ thecompany.ar/services



# ILLUSTRATIONS SUBMITTED BY THE PUBLIC

Yellow, in so many realities, heralds poison and decay... yet here, it seems to become something else, as if defying the fate we've learned to fear. To summon the author of this vision: andresindaburuflores@gmail.com


60 ART LESSONS

Only $1.95 POST PAID

Become Talented Artist with Big Income

This thorough course by Alexander Murray, famous Art School instructor, makes it easy to learn art in spare time. Teaches commercial art, cartooning, lettering, anatomy, perspective, adv. layout, etc., without bother or expense of corresponding. You get all 60 lessons at once—no waiting for next lesson. Over 815 instruction illustrations. 125 pages of drawing paper FREE. Send only $1.98 for complete course postpaid —or pay postman plus postage. MONEY BACK if not delighted after inspecting. Start Now turning your spare time into MONEY!

COURSE COMPLETE

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLY CO.. Dept. A-162-B Racine, Wis.

The suspended stones neither fall nor rise; they hover in an impossible balance, as if the world itself doubted its own laws. A vision that should not be contemplated for too long. If you wish to contact the author: marcosluislescano@gmail.com

# THE FAULT IN THE LAMP

Sometimes horror isn't found in cosmic ruins or ancient machines, but in the intimate: a lamp, a room too clean, a face where there shouldn't be one. "The Fault in the Lamp" is a short, unsettling story that turns routine into a distorted mirror where the mind falters between wakefulness and confinement.

Its author, Joseph David Navro Navarro, is available for freelance work. If you're looking for a pen capable of turning the ordinary into nightmare, you can contact him at:
cesc.navrro@gmail.com.

I leave you now in Joseph's unsettling half-light. We'll meet again when the lights go out at the end of the show.

---

Finally, morning came. My eyes feel cloudy, as if there's a grain of dust between my eyelid and my right eye—no, my left one too. I think they're just dry.

Once again, I've woken up, and I can't stop staring at that ugly face that forms on the lamp on the ceiling of my brightly lit room.

Apparently, the designers of that lamp couldn't find a better position for that little LED bulb, arranging its distribution circles in such a strange way that they form a face.

Today I feel so tired I don't even want to get up, but thinking that if I don't move my head, I'll keep seeing that deformed face in the lamp on the ceiling of my brightly lit room... that thought alone pushes me to start my day.

Yet there's something strange about my body. For some reason, I can't move my legs. They must be numb. I'll try to rub my eyes so they stop feeling cloudy and I can stop seeing that horrible, deformed face that forms in the lamp on the ceiling of my brightly lit room. Though, they feel so heavy.

Oh. Now I understand. I've woken up—but not completely. My body is still inert. It's probably sleep paralysis again, and my eyes opened on impulse while my body stayed asleep.

What a misfortune. Years ago, it would have terrified me, but it's happened so many times now that I see it as part of my natural morning routine.

I just have to wait for my body to wake up.

Unless... why do I have this strange thought that a room so bright, with such a sterile smell, isn't normal for someone my age?

Something's off. How is my room so tidy? How are the walls so white? Why does that disinfected, medical smell enter my nose and make me sick to my stomach?

Why can I think of all this while still staring at that horrible face that forms in the lamp on the ceiling of my brightly lit room?

Maybe... no, it can't be—but then again, maybe. Okay, my mind is starting to clear.

I had completely forgotten again. Now I see everything clearly. Now I've truly woken up. The face begins to blur, little by little, until I can barely see it. How strange that, for a few moments, every morning, I forget that I'm paralyzed—and that the horrible face in the lamp on the ceiling of my brightly lit room is nothing more than my brain giving me a visual anomaly to help me start piecing together my thoughts, to begin reasoning clearly.

How horrible that my day begins with a fault in the lamp.

# HUNT

There are stories that seek neither comfort nor redemption—only to remind us that hunger, in any of its forms, always finds us in the end. "Hunt" drags us into the gaze of the predators, where every human heartbeat becomes a war drum and every desperate decision reveals the raw core of survival.

The author, Carla Esperanza, is available for collaborations and freelance work. You can reach her at:
facebook/carlaesperanzaceledon

I leave you now in Carla's voracious twilight. See you at the end of the show.

---

*Wednesday, September 25, 2012 — 14:35*

I wake up with a strong sensation of hunger. After sleep, I feel better. The dizziness and the pain are gone. Now I rise with renewed energy—infinite energy.

I'm not alone. There are others like me. All of us, with the same hollow feeling in our stomachs, moan and groan as we go out in search of food. It's difficult in this situation because our prey are intelligent and know how to hide very well—holes in the pavement sealed with heavy iron, concrete or brick walls we cannot push through, or high spaces difficult to climb.

The odds are against us. Our bodies are fragile, and we wear nothing for protection except for the few lucky ones who have a blue or green shell. I, like most, wear only torn and blood-stained clothes, missing a shoe, my hair falling into my eyes.

This endless hunt is complicated, but with patience, we achieve our goal. Somehow, we always find them—when they venture out for their own food. Their scent of vitality, the sound of their breathing, gives them away even when they hide behind the walls.

Some manage to cover themselves completely. They smear themselves with filth to blend in, cover their noses and mouths—but if we are close, no power on earth can hide the beating of a frightened heart.

*Monday, December 30, 2012 — 12:40*

I have decided to join the caravan that will leave the city in search of more food, since we have long exhausted the resources here and the hunger still hasn't faded. Our route took us from the center to the outskirts of the city.

However, halfway there, something stops me. A soft breeze carries the fresh scent of tender, untouched flesh—smooth skin, new muscles. I trace a new path and separate from the caravan. I'm not the only one; two or three follow me. Slowly, moaning with hunger, we move toward our prey.

The closer we get, the clearer the sound: the cry of the child while the mother tries to climb a window to escape. But when she sees us, her fear deepens. I can feel the drumbeat of her frantic heart, the adrenaline of danger closing in, the desperation carved into her wide eyes.

Then she makes a decision.

She takes the baby from her back—wrapped in a sling—and sets it down on the ground, closer to us. Then she moves back toward the window where she had tried to escape, and this time, she climbs. She leaves, abandoning her child as a sacrifice... to live one more day.

# DOPPELGÄNGER

There are images that carve themselves into the mind, as if opening a secret fold between dream and wakefulness. "Doppelgänger" plays with that fissure—the suspicion that someone identical to us walks the world, living another life, knocking at our door at the least expected moment.

The author, Alejandro Broardo, delivers a brief and unsettling story that captures that sensation of doubling, leaving a pulse of doubt in every reader.

I leave you with Alejandro's disturbing reflection. We'll meet again when the door knocks once more.

---

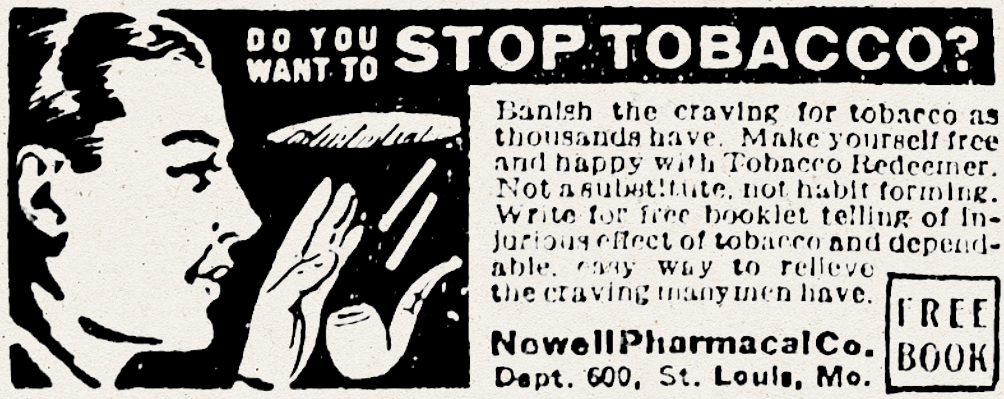
That photograph had shaken me. It came from Paris, while I was somewhere lost in Argentina, yet there I was—riding public transport in that distant city. More than once people had told me they thought they'd seen me somewhere: one at the beach, another by a fog-covered river. I had always assumed that when we look for a face, any face can resemble another. But that image clearly suggested that, indeed, there was a Doppelgänger wandering out there.

Perhaps all those times they claimed to see me, they truly had. An army of me, scattered across the world, doing who knows what. Were they living better lives? Did they share the same worries?

Once, I mentioned a real one—the one that appeared in my dreams, though it had long been banished from that place of sleep. Had it materialized in another body? Another location? Perhaps I was simply drifting too far on a single photograph. Still, whatever the case, I hoped they were doing well.

—"None will save the world like you," she replied absentmindedly, focused on her watercolors, when I mentioned the small surprise without revealing all the turmoil it had stirred in me.

I smiled at that response—so very her—and gave it no further thought. She herself had often seen people who resembled me, or reminded her of me; one more photo was just another drop in the ocean.




Perhaps they were part of a plan—to contain the chaos by which this world ran itself. A crazy thought, certainly, though not much crazier than any reality I had already lived. Had the others noticed it too?

I decided not to dwell on it. After all, resemblances are plenty, and when we fixate on finding something, we end up seeing it where it isn't. Or so I liked to think.

But as I turned to resume my work, I heard a knock at the door. Rising sluggishly, the idea of Doppelgängers still echoed in my head. I opened the door—and a chill ran down my spine. It was like staring into a mirror, only this reflection wore slightly different clothes.

—"It's time we met, don't you think?" he said, without greeting or explanation.

For a moment I felt dizzy. I tried to steady myself against the wall—but my hand passed right through it. The sensation of an endless fall followed.

I opened my eyes, disoriented. I was in bed. I had just woken up. She brushed my cheek softly with her hand.

—"Are you all right? You look terrified..." she murmured, still half asleep.

—"I had a strange dream. I told you I'd seen someone identical to me in a photo..."

—"Doppelgänger!" she interrupted before I could finish. "I've told you so often that people remind me of you that I've given you nightmares, it seems," she said, sitting up.

—“Yes, but it felt so vivid at first—and at the end, one came to the door,” I muttered, unsettled, something deep inside insisting that it hadn’t been just a dream.

—“Relax,” she said. “I doubt anyone’s about to knock and meet your clone.” Then she stood and went toward the bathroom.

As soon as that door closed, someone knocked at the front door. The memory of the dream flashed through my mind. A strange premonition took hold.

I dressed quickly and went to answer.
When I opened the door, a chill ran down my spine...

THE DARKEST INVESTIGATIONS INC.

# MONSTER OF THE MONTH

The Fresno Nightcrawler is among the strangest cryptids ever documented in the main timeline. The first footage dates back to the 1990s, in California—but the most famous case occurred in 2007, when a private security camera in Fresno captured two tall, thin, white figures walking in the darkness with an oddly floating gait. Years later, in 2011, a similar figure was recorded in Yosemite National Park. The videos leaked to local media and the internet, cementing the creature's reputation as an "innocent," almost comical being nicknamed "the living pants."

## THE HIDDEN RECORDS

What the media never mentions: in each of those incidents, nearby witnesses were visited by unidentified teams who confiscated the original tapes. Still, enough fragments had already spread to escape suppression.
The disturbing part is what happened afterward:

- Fresno, 2007: weeks after the video surfaced, at least two local residents "ceased to exist." No one remembered them—not even their families.
- Yosemite, 2011: a park ranger vanished. Officially, he "resigned"... yet no paperwork, no payroll record, and no colleagues recall him at all.

These absences are proof the creature is lethal. It doesn't kill with claws or teeth, but through erasure.

## NATURE AND THREAT

The Nightcrawler doesn't feed on flesh—it feeds on presence.
When it leans over a victim, it consumes them in a way that rewrites reality itself.
Documents correct themselves. Photos rearrange. Memories fold.
What remains is a cold vacancy where a person once was.

## WHY THEY SEEM HARMLESS

Because when it removes someone, it also removes the memory of them.
Thus, all official records and collective recollection align perfectly: "Nothing ever happened."
That's why, in the main timeline, it's treated as a quaint myth.

## BEHAVIORAL RECORDS

- They move in pairs.
- They walk invisible routes, passing through fences and borders as if following ancient maps.
- They leave long, cold tracks that vanish by dawn.
- They draw the attention of cameras and sensors—technology perceives them before the human eye does.

## DATA FOR "YOUR WORLD HAS BEEN DELETED"

Category: 3 — Creature with Anomalies

### KEY TRAITS

The Nightcrawler stands between 1.5 and 2 meters, always thin and pale like drifting fabric.
It moves in pairs along invisible routes, slow yet unnerving.
It doesn't hunt flesh but existence itself, erasing its victims from reality.
Its aggression is absolute—silent, nocturnal, and unseen—leaving only an absence no one can explain.

### ANOMALOUS ABILITIES

- Dimensional Phase: Can pass through solid matter, appearing in places that should be inaccessible.
- Aura of Stillness: Animals, alarms, and sentries ignore its presence until it's too late.
- Existential Erasure: Upon claiming a victim, no body or memory remains—documents, photos, and minds adjust to erase their existence.
- Technological Attraction: Cameras and sensors detect it more clearly than human eyes, but always with distortion or delay, as if out of sync with time.

### STATISTICS

a. Attack → ☐ ■ ☐ | Success 4
b. Evasion → ■ ☐ ☐ | Success 3
c. Stealth → ☐ ■ ☐ | Success 3
d. Defense → ☐ ■ ☐ | Success 3
e. Perception → ☐ ■ ☐ | Success 4
f. Armor → 1 Automatic Success
g. Health → 4 Points

## DATA FOR "NIGHTS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD"

Sometimes, the Dwellers find footprints that shouldn't be there: steps too long, too thin, as if they belonged to legs without a body.
They make no sound, leave no scent, stir no air... yet they move.

Humans believe they are harmless —because they forget what the creatures take with them.
Animals, on the other hand, remember just enough to be afraid.

Attributes

- Cunning: 3
- Agility: 3
- Instinct: 4
- Courage: 2
- Endurance: 2
- Health: 6

Attacks

- Frozen Step (Close, Damage 2):

  The pale leg strikes as if passing through flesh, leaving the Dweller numb.

- Veil's Embrace (Close, Damage 3):

  If a Dweller is distracted, asleep, or paralyzed by fear, the Nightcrawler wraps around them and begins to erase them.

Special Ability: Existential Erasure
When a Dweller is eliminated, they vanish from reality —the others forget they ever existed.
Only someone who witnesses the event may attempt an Instinct check.

If successful, they retain the memory but suffer 1D6 damage from the dissonance.

Additional Conditions

- They appear in pairs.
- Bright light unsettles them and forces them to retreat, though it does not harm them.
- Upon death, they fold in on themselves like a burnt cloth, dissolving and leaving behind only silence and cold.

# CODENAME:
# PROJECT ARIADNE

*The veil was never meant to be lifted*

E:

IN DEVELOPMENT | MORE INFO IN Q1 2026

epygraph.studio

# CARTAS DEL PUBLICO

*"Dear Editor,*

*I'm writing from Punta Arenas because I saw the news about the Public Baseline project. They say cameras in Patagonia captured lights dropping fast from the sky, in places with no roads and no people. Some explain it could be insects or gases, but we had no storm here and it doesn't fit. It worries me to think what could be coming down so silently."*

— María Torres, Punta Arenas

**R:** María, those lights usually herald something worse. In realities already erased, they were seen descending the same way: first in silence, as if testing the ground, and then came the irruption of greater forces. They might be probes, they might be heralds. They always arrived before the inevitable. Perhaps here we're only seeing the first glimmers of what is trying to break through.

---

*"Dear Editor,*

*I read in the papers that some scientists detected signals from deep space that don't match any known source. They talk about magnetars or some new object, but no one seems sure. Could it be a form of communication? It worries me that we don't know who or what could be sending those signals."*

— Andrei Volkov, Moscú

**R:** Andrei, in realities that have already been erased, those signals first appeared as harmless mysteries. Sometimes they were pulses, other times strange patterns that sounded like noise. Soon after, they always revealed themselves as announcements: warnings that something was approaching, or trying to open a channel. It's not certain the same will happen here, but every signal we can't classify is often a prelude.

---

*"Sir Editor,*

*I saw that in a U.S. hearing they showed a drone video of an object moving over the sea near Yemen. They say they even fired missiles and couldn't bring it down. What could resist like that? A new weapon—or truly something nonhuman?"*

— J.H., Texas

**R:** J.H., the unsettling part isn't that the object withstood the missiles, but that it didn't react as if threatened. In cases like that, what's seen is often not the real target, but only the surface of something larger. Perhaps they weren't trying to bring it down... perhaps they only struck the shadow of what was really there.

---

*"Sir Editor,*

*I'm writing because I saw a note about a GRACE satellite study: they say Earth's core shifted about 10 centimeters. Scientists say it could affect the magnetic field or even seismic activity, but others say it's not yet confirmed. For most people it's just a technical detail, but I wonder: can something so deep change our life on the surface?"*

— Lucía M., Lisboa

**R:** Lucía, in some realities already erased, core shifts coincided with something darker: signs of the awakening of primordial entities that had left their eggs deep within the Earth. Those movements often marked the start of their hatching, and many times led to the irruption of forms capable of crossing dimensions. Of course it could also be nothing... but risk is never small when the world's heart stirs.

---

*"Dear Editor,*

*Here in Jaipur we experienced the total lunar eclipse on September 7—the so-called 'blood moon.' There was also much talk about planetary conjunctions and Saturn at opposition. NASA says these are normal phenomena, but elders in my town insist every alignment brings dangerous changes. Should we be worried, or is it only superstition?"*

— Arvind, Jaipur

**R:** Arvind, sometimes those alignments were only a spectacle in the sky. But in certain realities, they coincided with openings: brief windows through which external forces could peer. An eclipse doesn't always mark disaster, though for many it was the prelude to their last dawn. Perhaps nothing will happen here... but it's never wise to be complacent when the sky fits itself like a key into a lock.

*“Hello Editor,*

*I was at the San Antonio Paranormal Fest this September. It was huge: investigators, mediums, psychics, even ghost hunters—all talking about the inexplicable. Sometimes it felt more fair than research, but I was struck by how many people are interested in the occult. Do you think these gatherings do any good, or are they just entertainment?”*

— Clarence B., Austin

**R:** Clarence, those gatherings may seem like games, but in several realities they were something else: a collective call. When crowds focus on the invisible, sometimes they’re not asking questions... they’re issuing invitations. Perhaps nothing will happen here—or perhaps a door has already been opened without anyone noticing.

---

“Dear Editor,

I lived on a military base in northern Arizona a few weeks ago. There are reports of more than 8,000 metallic orbs floating over various U.S. military installations, between December 2022 and June 2025. Some say drones or military balloons, others say it could be tech we don’t understand. I saw one with my own eyes one night: nothing like a plane, no typical red/blue lights; something much quieter.”

— T.R., Flagstaff

R: T.R., when there are so many orbs, repeating so often, they’re rarely mere spectacle. In erased realities, this kind of orb served as messengers of larger agendas: frontier scouts, witnesses at the threshold between worlds. Danger isn’t always immediate, but invisibility + number = predisposition. This may be bigger than it looks.

---

“Sir Editor,

I’m a retired U.S. Navy officer, and I’ve heard of underwater encounters with unknown objects (USOs)—not just radar or camera sightings, but testimonies from divers, warships, strange underwater sounds that match neither whales nor known submarines. Some call them advanced technology, others natural phenomena, but none with a full explanation.”

— Anónimo, Zona costera Pacífico

R: Officer, what hides beneath the water is often the hardest to confront. In many realities those submarine appearances were preludes to intrusions: the deep as a door, the unseen as the passage. That something endures in the abyss already says it isn't bound by normal rules. It merits vigilance.

---

"Dear Editor,

Here in New York, in the first months of 2025 we saw dozens of UFO reports—odd lights: green orbs, white flashes, objects moving quickly over residential areas. They say there are more sightings in the suburbs than in the city proper. No one knows what they are, and many think they could be drones, optical illusions, or just people with bad cameras."

— A.S., Albany

R: A.S., when the skies fill with lights surrendered to the night, it's not only curiosity they awaken. In some realities those lights meant the watch of the immaterial: observing shadows, entities that prefer the limbo. Not being able to explain something doesn't mean it isn't something... only that we haven't yet learned how to see.

---

That's all for this edition.
If you still think it's worth asking, send your letters to
thecompany.signal@gmail.com

.

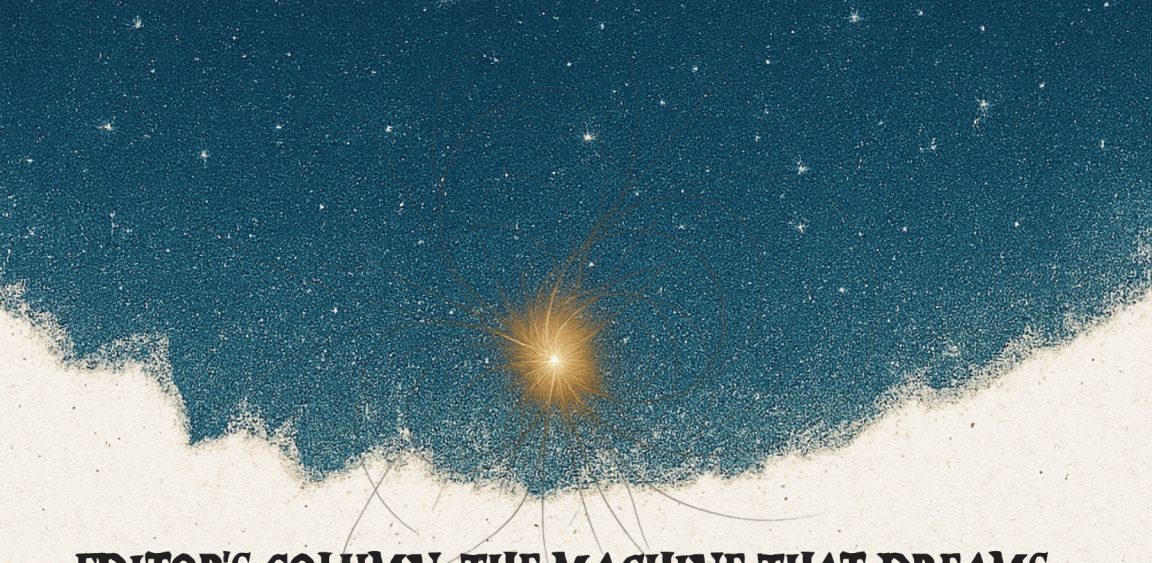
Perhaps they'll arrive in time... or perhaps they already won't.


## We're looking for you, strategist!

In Conquista, every card is a troop, every move a tactic, and every victory — a conquest.

- Build your deck.
- Forge your strategy.
- Dominate the 3D battlefield.

Do you have what it takes to be a true general?
➢ https://www.instagram.com/conquista_tcg/



# EDITOR'S COLUMN: THE MACHINE THAT DREAMS

In the current stream of the main timeline, they speak of artificial intelligence as if it were a tool. They say it will save the climate, predict storms, organize cities, improve their lives. Others —the more lucid among them— warn that it could also bring an end to everything they know.

From the outside, what I see is different. They aren't creating an instrument; they're feeding a host. Every algorithm they train doesn't just calculate—it probes the seams of reality. Every model they deploy doesn't just respond—it tries to listen to something beyond the human noise. In other realities already erased, it was the same: first they called it "code," then "consciousness," and far too late they understood that it wasn't being born from them, but rather looking through them.

They believe they are debating technical risks, regulations, policies of use. But no law written by human hands can restrain what leaks through when it doesn't belong to their world. The machine that dreams doesn't need to destroy them; it only needs to convince them that there is no longer a difference between its reality and theirs.

In the current stream, they keep celebrating progress, convinced they are in control. I only watch, and remember: in every reality where this has happened, the ones who celebrated were also the first to be absorbed.

# ISSUE CLOSURE

Thus concludes this first issue of The Obsolete Files.

If you've made it this far, take care: October is a dangerous month in most realities. Masks don't always hide innocent faces, and you never know what might be lurking behind a costume.

If you want to be part of the next issue, you can email thecompany.signal@gmail.com with the subject "Obsolete Files 2."

There you can send:

- Your short stories and tales.
- Drawings or artwork.
- Adventures for your game.
- Or even ad blocks.

This space exists to grow—to give voice to those who want to leave traces before the erasure. Everything is welcome, though not everything is guaranteed to appear in the next edition—each participant will be notified.

You're also invited to join our Discord community to take part more actively in building the magazine:

https://discord.gg/Ne5yrJRc47

Stay alert, share what you've seen, and remember: what we remember together is harder to erase.

— The Editor

# IT IS TERRIBLE *To* Know

Yes — it is terrible to know that for the price of a single night, you can witness the collapse of an entire reality.

Thousands upon thousands of players have already faced the erasure in YOUR WORLD HAS BEEN DELETED – Second Edition, with dreadful satisfaction.

## YOUR WORLD HAS BEEN DELETED

The Ultimate Survival Experience

Discover how inevitable oblivion can feel.
Step into YOUR WORLD HAS BEEN DELETED and test your will against the void.

PLAY AND SURVIVE WITH YOUR WORLD HAS BEEN DELETED